

THE DYING YEAR.

My door stands open wide tonight
In token of a parting guest.
Who twelve months since, with keen delight,
I welcomed to my homely nest.

He stands there now, worn, wasted, old,
His face quite run, his vision o'er,
And when the midnight hour is tolled,
We part, to meet on earth no more.

He came to me in merry guise,
With hopes and promises not few.
Ah, who could look within those eyes
And deem that they were all untrue!

But expectations all have fled,
The promises are broken, too.
The hopes lie withered, crushed and dead—
Not one of all but proved untrue.

And there he stands, decrepit, wan,
Who came to me a merry elf.
A few sands more he will be gone,
And with him gone part of my self.

So come and go the passing years
That bear us to the silent sea,
But bright with smiles or dim with tears,
They come in love, dear Lord, from thee.

—Christian Work.

ANEW YEAR ROMANCE

"You may talk as much as you please," said Muriel Vane, nodding her curly head, "but I'm going to receive company in the parlor on New Year's day. Why shouldn't I? Every other girl does."

"It's a sinful, wicked waste of time," said Mrs. Vane, "when the quilting is so behindhand and there's such a deal of sewing to be done."

"But life isn't all for work," pleaded Muriel. "And Mr. Clifton is coming all the way from the city in his sleigh to see me. Oh, mother, please let me have a loaf of homemade cake and some red apples and real cream for the coffee! Just for this once! It's only one day in the year. Do, mother!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Vane, who was one of those aggravating women who make up their minds on the least possible grounds and then pride themselves on adhering to their word. "I've said no, and I mean no. When I was a young girl I wasn't setting my cap at every fellow that came along."

"Mother," cried Muriel, in an agony of wounded pride, "do you mean to say that I do such a thing?"

"You think a deal too much of the beans anyway," said old Mrs. Vane, screwing up her thin lips. "And I'm going to break up that sort of thing. See if I don't!"

It was with difficulty that Muriel Vane, naturally a high tempered girl, checked the indignant retort that rose to her lips. Surely, surely, it was not right that she, a girl of 18, who was earning her own living by teaching in the district school, should be treated like a child of 8; that her tyrannical old mother should place no confidence whatever in her sense of right and delicacy. Up to this time she had rendered the tribute of an unwilling obedience to Mrs. Vane's behests, and now she felt that the moment for just rebellion had come. She felt that she could not live any longer in this cramped, nigardly sort of way, with the very lumps of sugar for her tea meted out to her, one by one, and the pippin apples for her lunch dealt sparingly forth, as if each one were molded in gold.

Muriel uttered a little shriek. "And how am I to get home?" she cried.

"You ain't to get home at all," said Aunt Dora. "You're to stay and spend the New Year with me. That's what your mother said in her note."

"But I shall not!" exclaimed Muriel, stamping her foot vehemently. "I must go home! I expect company tomorrow."

"Sit down and be easy—do!" said Aunt Dora. "Must be for the king. I'd like to know how on earth you're to get home, with only one boat at the steps, and that padlocked tight, with the key hung at the bottom of my pocket!"

And Aunt Dora laughed a hard, dissonant laugh that was like the croak of a raven.

For a moment Muriel gazed wildly around like a newly caged bird, then she burst into tears and sobbed.

"It is all a stratagem of mother's!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I might have known it! I might have known it!"

And that night at the White Reefs lighthouse, with the melancholy sea lapping the foot of the tower and the wind whistling around the steady glow of the beacon, was the dearest that Muriel ever spent in her life.

"You ain't good company tonight," said Aunt Dora, glancing at her niece ever and anon between the stitches of her darning.

"Because you have deceived me!" cried Muriel. "You and mother!"

"Humph!" said Aunt Dora. "It's all for your own good. You'll thank us one of these days. Girls oughtn't to have their own way."

But Muriel only wept on and refused to be comforted.

She went down to the foot of the tower, the next day, and sat there, her cloak wrapped about her shoulders, listlessly gazing out on the sparkling floor of the deep.

"Is that a boat coming?" she asked herself. "With one man in it? Is it coming here, I wonder?"

Nearer and nearer came the boat, rocking lightly on the surface of the waves, and presently Muriel started up, with a cry of joy.

For it was Paul Clifton waving his hand to her, as he came ever nearer and nearer.

"A happy New Year, sweet Muriel!" he called out, as the boat touched the stone steps. "I am the enchanted knight come to rescue you from the prison tower!"

"How did you know I was here?" said Muriel, with sparkling eyes and velvety cheeks dyed with crimson.

"Your mother was entirely noncommittal," said Clifton gayly. "I could learn nothing whatsoever from her except that you were well and were not receiving company. But I was fortunate enough to meet Tommy Jenkins, who, for the consideration of a silver quarter, ignominiously turned state's evidence.

wadded cloak and little for edged hood, and to draw on the scarlet woolen mittens, which she herself had knitted during those long, dreary winter evenings when she and her mother sat in silence opposite each other, for Mrs. Vane never invited any company, and gave her neighbors but scant welcome when they came of their own accord.

"Jenkins' boy" was ready with the boat, a small, ferret eyed youngster, with an intensely freckled face and a furtive, sidewise glance, which Muriel always distrusted; and as they glided out over the water, already dyed with the orange reflection of sunset, in the direction of White Reefs lighthouse, Muriel leaned her chin in her hands and thought of Paul Clifton.

What would her mother say if she knew it all—that Paul Clifton loved her—that he was coming to ask for her at the maternal hands the very next day.

"It will be of no use," she thought sadly. "Mother will say no. She desires me to marry Squire Sedley, who is half and deaf and twice my age, and who only wants me because his housekeeper has struck for higher wages and he thinks a wife would be better economy. But we can wait, Paul and I. We will wait."

And then they ran up alongside the tall, spectral cylinder of the lighthouse, for the tide was high and landing was comparatively easy, and Muriel sprang lightly out of the boat, looking up at the fiery eye in the lantern above.

"Give me the bag and the basket, Tommy," said she. "Steady with the boat now! I'll be back in one minute."

So the orange glow had burned down into a deep red radiance, and the dusk shadows off the New Year's eve were creeping over all the glassy surface of the sea.

Aunt Dora was at home. In fact, Aunt Dora never was anywhere else. Her own society, little as other people cared for it, was all sufficient for herself.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Aunt Dora, as unconcerned as if she lived on dry land and was in the habit of seeing company every hour in the day. She was darning stockings by her own special little lamp, and the teapot already simmered on the hob for her tea. "Anything the matter? Because I couldn't leave the light if it was ever so!"

"No, nothing is the matter," said Muriel. "I have brought you a note from my mother. Something about the pattern of a bedquilt, I believe. And some chickens and apples and a bag of fresh hickory nuts."

Aunt Dora read the note once, twice, three times over. Then she regarded Muriel in a sinister fashion from under her thick, black brows, while the girl played unconsciously with the cat.

"Humph!" said she. "Yes, I'll go and get the pattern!"

She was gone some time—half an hour, at least, as it seemed to Muriel, and when she came back, the girl started up.

"It is nearly dark," she said. "I must make haste home."

"Well you needn't be in such a hurry," said Aunt Dora, with a grim chuckle. "I've sent the pattern by Tommy Jenkins. He's half way to shore by this time."

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Am here I am, my sweetheart! Will you come with me?"

"Of course I will," said Muriel, springing lightly into the boat. "But where?"

"To be married," said Mr. Paul Clifton. "It is high time that this system of tyranny was broken up. My little Muriel must be mine and mine alone henceforward. Do you not agree with me?"

And Muriel answered:

"Yes."

Aunt Dora got to the window just in time to shriek an ineffectual summons to the pair in the fast receding boat.

"It's no use," said Aunt Dora, drawing a long breath. "When a girl is in love, she is neither to hold nor to bind. I've done the best I could. Mehtab can't blame me!"

Two hours later Muriel walked into the old brown roofed house on the shore, leaning on Paul Clifton's arm.

"Mother," said she to the amazed Mrs. Vane, who fully believed that she was "dressing her weird" in the solitary lighthouse tower. "I am married! And this is my husband. Will you forgive me, please? For I am so very, very happy today that I do not want a living soul to be at variance with me!"

And so Muriel signed her declaration of independence, and became Paul Clifton's wife upon this glorious sunshiny New Year's day. And Mrs. Vane and Aunt Dora were compelled to confess themselves unwitting and to accept their defeat with as good grace as possible.

"Fate is fate," said Aunt Dora grimly.

"And I wash my hands of the whole concern," said Mrs. Vane.

But Paul and Muriel were serenely happy. And what mattered aught else?

—New York Ledger.

Begging Bread and Cheese.

Scotch children of the poorer class in small towns still beg on New Year's eve from door to door at the houses of wealthier families for a dole of oat bread, calling out "Hogmanay" or some of the local rhymes which are given in Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," such as:

Hogmanay,
Trolloley,
Give us of your white bread
And none of your gray!

They also beg for cheese, which they call "nog-money," and Brand's "Popular Antiquities" gives this begging rhyme used by Scotch children:

Get up, gude wife, and binno swair:
Deal cakes and cheese while ye are here,
For the time will come when ye'll be dead
And neither need your cheese nor bread.

As the children on these forays are swathed in great sheets formed into a deep bag or pouch to carry the oatcake they form quite a mummified and fantastic appearance on the by streets and lanes.—Independent.

New Year's In 1790.

New Year's day, 1790, was one of special interest to those who delight in tracing facts concerning this method of celebration. President Washington, then in the first year of his first term, lived at the Franklin House, in Cherry street, New York.

The city was then a little Dutch town of cobblestones and gardens, containing about 1,400 houses and 20,000 people, most of whom were tradesmen and mechanics of very limited means.

The president had lived among them several months, but most of them had held aloof through the awe inspired by his great character and his high office. But on this New Year's day a great number of them put on their best cocked hats, their Sunday wigs and all their best clothes and called upon the president.—Philadelphia Times.

Some Good and Bad Omens.

To meet a red haired person on first getting up indicates a dull day in business, and if such a one cross your door on New Year's day you will have an unlucky year. While making a trade, if a cross eyed person looks at you, it indicates that the bargain will be unprofitable. To hear a cricket chirp is good luck, and it is always a welcome sound under the hearthstone of the farmer's house.—Exchange.

A New Epoch.

As the sun completes his annual revolution through the heavens by touching the southern solstice, and then commences his return to northern latitudes, man is compelled to recognize a new epoch in his own career and is reminded to pause a moment for earnest reflection in order to gather wisdom from vanished months and to forecast the signs of the future.—Christian Work.

Japan's Common Birthday.

The first of the year is really a sort of double festival in Japan, for the Japanese, like the Chinese, reckon their age from that date. A child born 24 hours before New Year's day is called 1 year old on that day, so that it is the birthday of all the Japanese people.—New York Advertiser.

Love and Charity.

If you can make love and charity in your heart chord with the last song the choir sings New Year's day, you can make up your mind that you are a pretty good man after all.—Kearney Journal.

A Song of the Season.

I love no roset but a nut brown toast
And a crab layde in the frye;
A little bread shall do me stead—
Much broader I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trowe,
Can hurt me if I woeide.
I am so wrapt and throvely lapt
Of jolly good ale and olde.

Back and syde go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand, go colde;
But belly God send thee good ale inough,
Whether it be new or olde.

With sober cheerfulness the grandam eyes
Her offspring round her, all in health and peace,
And thankful that she's spared to see this day
Return once more, breathes low a sacred prayer
That God would shed a blessing on their heads.
—Selected.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. K. Becklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy on action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by Longwell Bros., Paw Paw, and J. F. Barrows, Lawrence.

Great Reduction in Time To California.

Once more the North-Western Line has reduced the time of its transcontinental trains and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change. All meals en route are served in Dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered Tourist Sleepers being furnished at a cost of only \$5.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address: W. H. Guerrier, M. P. A., 67 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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Through sleeping car service from St. Louis to Atlanta via Evansville, Nashville and Chattanooga. This is the route of the famous "Dixie Flyer" through sleeping car line which runs the year round between Nashville and Jacksonville, Fla. For further information, address Briard F. Hill, 328 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill., or R. C. Cowardin, Western Passenger Agent, Railway Exchange Building, St. Louis, Missouri, or D. J. Mulaney, Pass. Agt., 59 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

BANK STATEMENT.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
PAW PAW SAVINGS BANK

At Paw Paw, Michigan, at the close of business,
Dec. 18th, 1895.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$74,992.99
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.	18,397.38
Overdrafts	988.94
Furniture and fixtures	3,065.37
Other real estate	2,677.81
Due from banks in reserve cities	12,101.94
Due from other banks and bankers	50.00
Cheques and cash items	1,326.25
Notes and cents	19.90
Gold coin	1,015.00
U. S. and National Bank Notes	282.10
Total	\$118,704.65
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	3,600.00
Interest and taxes paid	1,320.28
Commercial deposits subject to check	21,974.83
Commercial certificates of deposit	42,499.54
Total	\$118,704.65

State of Michigan, County of Van Buren, ss:
I, John W. Free, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of December, 1895.

A. LYNN FREE, Notary Public

CORRECT—Attest:
J. J. WOODMAN,
F. W. SELLICK,
W. J. SELLICK,

PROBATE ORDER.

County of Van Buren, ss:
At a session of the probate court for the county of Van Buren, held at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, on Friday the 29th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of John N. Chadsey, deceased.
It is ordered that the petition duly verified, of Emma J. W. Chadsey, widow of said deceased, praying for an adjudication and determination of who are or were the legal heirs of said deceased, and for the recovery of his death and entitled to inherit his real estate.

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 30th day of January, 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, to be held at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, in said county, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the True Northern Star, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks at least previous to said day of hearing.

BENJ. F. HECKERT,
Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas default has been made in the condition of a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the 11th day of December, A. D. 1895, executed by Jasper L. Thompson (a single man), Keeler, Van Buren County, Michigan, to George E. Breck, which said mortgage was on the 11th day of December, A. D. 1895, (that being the place for holding the circuit court for the county of Van Buren, Michigan, and by said register duly recorded in liber 41 of mortgages, on page 74.

And whereas said George E. Breck afterwards and on the 24th day of December, A. D. 1895, sold and fully assigned and delivered said mortgage to Charlotte A. Barnes, and which said assignment was duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the county of Van Buren, Michigan, on the 29th day of December, A. D. 1895, in liber 52 of mortgages on page 225. And on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of six hundred and eighty-eight dollars and eighty-six cents, (\$688.86), with interest and cost of this proceeding from this date, to be added, and no suit at law or proceeding in chancery having been instituted to recover the amount due on said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and the statutes in such cases made and provided, I, shall, on Saturday, the 8th day of February, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the north front door of the court house for the county of Van Buren, Michigan, in the village of Paw Paw, (that being the place for holding the circuit court for the county of Van Buren, Michigan, and by said register duly recorded in liber 41 of mortgages, on page 74.

And it is further ordered that said administrator give notice to the persons interested